

EXTRACTS.

UNREST.

I loved him then, I love him still;
I know not why, 'tis not my will;
I see his face by night and day;
It haunts o'er mis'ries I've had.
When the dark world in sleep,
His dark eyes through the curtain peep;
Again in midnight dreams they come,
I feel their presence and I shun.
Where's my boy, they still pursue,
Present in whatso'er I do.
Shadow like, they follow me down
Through the dark woodland into the town.
In vain I seek their goal to fly;
In vain I shun the long-past sight,
Or bid my memory depart—
My will is weaker than my heart.
Last night I dreamt he came to me,
Winged with toil beyond the sea.
And held me to his heart to toke,
I gave before our truth was broken.
Sorrow had made his voice more sweet,
Weeping he knelt at my feet;
Show'd me the weary life he led,
And wept and wish'd that he was dead.
I woke—but, all my dream was vain,
Only the mousiebats touch'd the pane;
Without, the solemn tree green'd,
Through the tower a sad wind moan'd;
The dead laves rustled at each wall;
Shook on the parent bough, and fell;
I turned and sought for rest again;
For rest or death I seek in vain.

CLERGYMAN'S NIGHTMARE.

In these days of superstitious scepticism, each passing impression is noted and recorded. Every village ghost has its history; every old woman's prophecy its apostle; every superstition its position assigned to it in folk-lore. It may therefore be time to call attention to a disorder which afflicts many of our fellow-creatures, and which does not appear to have been described in any ordinary psychological work. Yet clergymen's nightmares, properly catalogued and arranged, might furnish all the illustrations necessary for a work on unconscious cerebration. It is not peculiar to the clergy, any more than it is clergymen's sole throat. The bride dreams before the wedding that her train is torn off by an awkward foot at the very altar. The young sparsman dreams on the elements that his shots take no effect on the grime, which fly away making faces at him. The first brist brings the young barrister an appropriate nightmare, and he thinks himself in court without his wig. The general effect is always the same, though the details are varied. A great scene is generally marred by some trivial incident, some small cause, which is yet so true to nature, so like what might happen, that the vividness of the impression is intensified. In the case of the clergymen, the characteristic incident is seldom much varied, though each individual suffers from his own particular form of it. There are, of course, lucky people who do not suffer from clergymen's nightmares. We have known young ladies who went to their first ball without once dreaming of it. We have known a surgeon who performed his first amputation without fancying either before or after that the patient died to death. But such cases are rare, and the numberless excitements of modern life tend to make them rarer. Nervousness in the pulpit may be excused to any young clergymen. In fact, like shyness in a young lady, it is rather becoming. But, strange to say, in many cases it lasts through life, and we have known an eloquent and popular preacher still blushing and stammering on beginning to be 20 years ago. The most unpleasant thing about it is that the nervousness is communicated to the congregation. We hardly know any more trying position than that of listening to a speaker who is afraid of his own voice; and many members of a congregation so situated will have clergymen's nightmares before next day. A certain curate, having arranged with his rector to preach a series of extempore evenings on the Creed, grew nervous when he had reached the end of the first sentence, and went on through the whole, not being able to stop, until midnight, with a steadily diminishing but astonished congregation. It need hardly be added that his next sermon was bad, and was of the nature of a farce. What tortures of nightmare that poor wretch must have suffered, if indeed he slept at all! Few clergymen fail to feel ill at ease in a strange pulpit. Like a strange bed, it makes the occupant uncomfortable; but this discomfort is often increased by accidental circumstances. A peptide, by no means long in orders, went to preach for a neighbouring parson who happened to be lame. When the curate mounted to the pulpit, he found it occupied by a kind of hobby-horse, on which the lame rector was in the habit of sitting to deliver his sermon. There was nothing for it but to mount, as otherwise there would have been no access to the desk. In another church "half-a-dozen steps led to the reading desk." These were pushed in after the clergymen had entered, by the beadle, who then retired. Of course, the stranger, when he opened the door, stepped out into vacancy. We have seen a preacher peered into the pulpit, and unable to get the door unfastened, tumbled everybody out of the church, and he was luckily missed by a churchward. Such little-accidents, trivial as they may be, are very conducive to clerical nightmare, which, as we have observed, is usually made up of very small events. Another common terror is that of being late for service. Some clergymen feel this so acutely that they go into the vestry half an hour or more before the time. A country parson was suddenly attacked with diphtheria, late in the week. Recourse was had in vain to the neighbouring town, and it was decided at last to telegraph to London for a "quince-pig." But scarcely time arrived, and the clergymen had come to the congregation had come from afar, and waited all the morning. About one o'clock the strange preacher walked in, but of course, much too late. He had got out, he explained, at a station ten miles off by mistake, and had made his way on foot. The sick man never suspected that there had been no service in his church, had he done so, it might have gone home with him; but the pious friend was so well known up in the small town, that he had put it in the small boy. He got a shirt about half big enough for pa, and put his initials on the thing under the bosom, and got a number fourteen collar. Pa wears seventeen. Pa had promised to braise up and go to church on Sunday morning, and put these small oddities into his pocket. "Well, ma," said pa, "I told pa he looked awfully bloated, and he was, killing him, as well as all the rest of the family. Pa said he guessed he wasn't bloated very much, but he got up, and put on his spectacles and his nose was a sight. Pa looked scared, and then he held up his hand and looked at that. His hand looked like a ham. Just then I came in and turned pale, with some chock on my face, and I began to cry, and I said—'Opa, what are you? You are so swollen up I hardly know you.' Pa looked sick to his stomach, and then he tried to get on the pavement. 'Oh my! I still I could do to keep from laughing to see him till then pants on. He could just get his legs in, and when I got a stinkhorn and gave it to him when he was mad. He said it was a mean boy would give his pa a stinkhorn to put on."

porchance. Even amateur theatricals have their special vampires. Ships' captains and all in authority or responsibility know when their anxiety has been too much for them by the approach of their own nightmare. A man who has been attacked by a tiger or a wild bull knows well that if he dreams of tigers or cattle he had better try change of air. For the nervous clergymen there is no escape. Once a week at least he must make a fancied appearance before the congregation in a night-dress; or must find the great leviathan Bible upside down; or must recognise that the Prayer-book has been printed in Greek; or must drop the baby he is baptising. When the affliction becomes very frequent, something should be done, or mild cases go on for years. Every man who reaches forty and has not learned the suitable physio for his nightmare must be a fool, as the proverb has it; but there may be nothing the matter except the pure fear of public appearance, which can only be got over by abandoning the contest. —*Saturday Review.*

ICED AND ICED DRINKS.

The use of the frozen foods physiologically known as ices, and of various beverages which have been reduced in temperature, by means of ice, to degrees of relative coolness, is nearly approaching their freezing point, is a widespread and fashionable custom in civilised countries. We are often asked (rom the *British Medical Journal*) especially in hot weather, whether indulgence in such very cold foods and drinks be injurious or not, and if injurious, in what directions their dangers are to be found. An off-hand answer to these inquiries, based on a prior physiological reasoning, is likely to be neither sufficient nor true. While the physiological objections to the use of ices and cold beverages are obvious, experiments daily show that these preparations are freely used by large numbers of persons without apparent injury. But, while it is true that, for the robust, the physiological objection to the introduction of frozen, or almost frozen, bodies into the stomach is practically, and under ordinary circumstances, of little moment, it is unquestionable that weak persons cannot swallow such very cold foods or drinks with impunity. Nor can a robust person, if his body is highly fitted by exercise, and especially if he be also much fatigued, suddenly take a large quantity of an iced drink without pain. There is an immediate risk from shock, and a later risk from an excess of reflex hyperemia in the stomach and its neighbourhood. This immediate risk is probably, under the special circumstances we have indicated, the more imminent of the two forms of danger in question, because of the risk of cardiac arrest, especially if the patient has been taken to a fat woman in the side-show. Just then I put the plug on his pa's head, and it was so small it was going to roll off, when pa tried to fit it on his head; and then took it off and looked inside of it to see if it was his hat, and when he found his name in it, he said, "Take it away. My head's all wrong, too. Then he told me to go for the doctor, mighty quick. I got the doctor and told him what we were trying to do with pa, and he said he would finish the job. So the doc came in and pa was on the lounge, and when the doc saw him he said it was lucky he was called just as he was, or he would have called an undertaker. He put some powdered ice on pa's head the first thing, ordered the shirt cut open, and we got the pants off. Then he gave pa an enema and had his feet soaked, and pa said: 'Doc, if you will bring me out of this I will never drink another drop.' This doc told pa that his life was not worth a button if he ever drank again, and left about half a pint of sugar pills to be fired into pa every five minutes. Me and me sat up with pa all day Sunday, and Monday morning I changed the spectacles, and took the clothes home, and along about noon pa said he felt as though he could get up. Well, you never saw a tickler man than he was when he found the swelling had gone down so he could get his pants and shirt on, and he says that doctor is the best in town. Ma says I am a smart boy, and pa has taken the pledge, and we're all right. Say, you don't think there is anything wrong in a boy playing it on his pa, once in a while, do you?"

PRINCESS LOUISE AS AN ANGLER. Princess Louise and Lord Lorne have obtained splendid salmon fishing during their visit to New Brunswick, and on the Cascapedia River they captured an immense number of fish. The Princess landed six large salmon to her own rod in one afternoon, one of them weighing over 30lb; and Lord Lorne killed fish up to 40lb. The Princess despatched three of her fine fish to the Queen at Osborne, securely packed in ice, and some of Lord Lorne's found their way to the Duke of Argyle's villa at Kington. The rivers in New Brunswick are swarming with salmon this season and the trout fishing has also been exceptionally good. The Princess will be able to fish the Queen's pools in the Due, below Balmoral, when she returns, and she will be the first lady who has netted a line in that water. The Duke of Argyle can fish his daughter-in-law some good salmon fishing in the Aray, the river which flows into Lochyne, close to Inveray Castle. —*World.*

A HORRIBLE PUNISHMENT. A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* describes a horrid Hindoo mode of punishment. The bamboo plant grows with wonderful rapidity in a tropical climate. That fact did not escape the notice of Hindoo tyrants. Sharpening a bamboo shoot, and planting it in the earth with the sharp end upward, they would order the victim to be led to it. Looking around, he would see no instrument of death near by, and he would, perhaps, that his life was to be spared. His torturers would congratulate him, and ask him to be seated on the earth. He would obey. They would place his body immediately above the concealed bamboo shoot and then tie him down by stakes so that he could not move. As night wore on the victim would realize his fate. He would find that slowly, but with terrible certainty, the bamboo was growing up in his body. He was generally left to his fate. Growing at the rate of two or three inches a night, the sharp-pointed shoot would finally put an end to his suffering by penetrating a vital part. But before that took place what an eternity of agony the wretch must have passed through! It is impossible to conceive what the sufferings of such a wretch must have been, with that bamboo shoot slowly and inexorably growing through his living body. Fortunately, before the end came, complete insensibility generally obscured the consciousness of the sufferer.

HOWLING DOGS.

Many worried and wakful persons find in the howling of dogs by night a persistent, widespread, and most annoying form of irritation. The owners of dogs given to spending the hours of darkness in audacious howling, appear generally to regard with a serene and almost imperturbability the noisy nuisance which makes night hideous for their neighbours. Nevertheless, those who keep dogs, especially those who do so in populous places, ought to feel bound to take the simple precautions which alone are necessary to prevent a troublesome form of vexation, which is really a serious source of inconvenience and loss of rest, and possibly of loss of health, to very many people. To the boisterous bark of a watchdog giving warning tongue upon suitable occasion no one would object, but the purposeless and unending howling of the chained curs which are especially prevalent in the suburbs of towns is simply intolerable. It is not necessary to exterminate dogs to put an end to the annoyance in question. The nuisance is perfectly preventable by the adoption of a few simple and sensible measures which, so far from injuring the offending animals, tend to give them length of days by constricting their contentment. Those who have had experience in keeping dogs know that these animals will not howl at night if they be comfortable. If dogs instead of being cruelly chained up out of doors, in kennels which are often draughty and damp, be allowed to have their liberty by day, and to lie within the house at night, they will generally sleep through the night in perfect quietness. Or, if it be necessary to keep a dog chained up by day, he ought to be let loose at night, when it will be found that he will rattle quietly to his kennel, and abstain from howling, especially if he be furnished with some fresh hay on a platform for a bed. In warm weather, dogs howl simply because they want water. Many dogs howl at night because they are constantly chained both by night and by day.

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HONGKONG MARKETS.

COTTON GOODS.		WOOLLEN GOODS.		PRODUCE.	
Intercotton, 12 lbs., per piece	\$2.35 to 3.10	Blankets, 8 lbs., per pair	\$1.45 to 8.85	Opium, packed, per pound	\$17.50 to 18.50
American Drills, 12 lbs., per piece	\$2.30 to 3.05	Blankets, 9 lbs., per pair	\$1.45 to 4.45	Peas, White, per pound	\$13.50 to 14.50
Cotton Yarn, No. 10 to 24, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Blankets, 12 lbs., per pair	\$1.45 to 7.50	Peas, Green, per pound	\$13.50 to 15.50
Cotton Yarn, No. 28 to 32, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 33s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.60	Cards, Sago, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 36 to 42, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 35s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75	Cards, Tapioca, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 48 to 52, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 38s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75	Cards, Vegetable, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 56 to 60, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 40s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75	Cards, White, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 64 to 72, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 42s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75	Cards, Yellow, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 76 to 84, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 44s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75	Cards, Green Beans, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 88 to 96, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 46s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75	Cards, Green Peas, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 100 to 108, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 48s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75	Cards, Peas, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 112 to 120, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 50s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75	Cards, Peas, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 124 to 132, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 52s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75	Cards, Peas, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 136 to 144, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 54s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75	Cards, Peas, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 148 to 156, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 56s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75	Cards, Peas, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 160 to 168, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 58s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75	Cards, Peas, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 172 to 180, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 60s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75	Cards, Peas, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 184 to 192, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 62s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75	Cards, Peas, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 196 to 204, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 64s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75	Cards, Peas, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 208 to 216, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 66s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75	Cards, Peas, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 220 to 228, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 68s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75	Cards, Peas, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 232 to 240, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 70s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75	Cards, Peas, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 244 to 252, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 72s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75	Cards, Peas, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 256 to 264, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 74s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75	Cards, Peas, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 270 to 278, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 76s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75	Cards, Peas, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 284 to 292, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 78s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75	Cards, Peas, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 296 to 304, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 80s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75	Cards, Peas, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 308 to 316, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 82s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75	Cards, Peas, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 320 to 328, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 84s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75	Cards, Peas, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 332 to 340, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 86s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75	Cards, Peas, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 344 to 352, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 88s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75	Cards, Peas, per pound	\$1.25 to 1.35
Cotton Yarn, No. 356 to 364, per 400 lbs.	\$5.80 to 10.50	Cambric, 90s, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.75</td		